



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

MUSIC

"Group unannounced as yet" U.M.B.C. 8 P.M.

"Aux" Bluesette 8 P.M.

"Matrix" Blues Back Alley

"Rasputin" People's Place. 7:30 P.M. \$1.

"Odetta" & Essra Mohawk - Main Point

NATURE

Canoe trip in Pine Barrens of N.J. (thru Oct. 11) Leaves 7 A.M. Call Bill Robinson 338-1552

Sunday, October 11

MUSIC

"Lee Morgan Quintet" - Famous Ballroom. 5 P.M.

"Grin" & "Crack" - U.M.B.C. 8 P.M.

"Odetta" & Essra Mohawk - Main Point

Monday, October 12

MUSIC

Joey Connors, singing. No Fish Today

Tuesday, October 13

LECTURE

On the future of private colleges - Morris T. Keeton - Goucher College. 8:30 P.M.

"Transcendental Meditation" by International Meditation Society. Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, 5205 Harford Rd. 8 P.M. Free.

MUSIC

John Hartford - Main Point

Wednesday, October 14

LECTURE

On religious activities by Morris T. Keeton. Goucher College - 7 P.M.

MUSIC

Baltimore Symphony Orch. - Lyric Theatre. 8:30 P.M.

Peabody Jazz Ensemble - 12 noon. Peabody Conservatory. Free.

"Matrix" - No Fish Today. 9 P.M. - 1 A.M. (min. age 21)

John Hartford - Main Point

Thursday, October 15

LECTURE

"Welfare Reform - What Comes Next?" by Wilber J. Cohen. Goucher College. 8:30 P.M.

"Transcendental Meditation" by International Meditation Society. Morgan State College, Carnegie Hall, Rm. 301 - 10 A.M. Free.

"Transcendental Meditation" by International Meditation Society. JHU, Schaeffer Hall, Rm. 203 - 4 P.M. Gilman Hall. Rm. 47 - 8:30 P.M. Free.

MISC

Community Supper - Stoney Run Friend's Meeting House. 6:30 P.M.

MUSIC

Baltimore Symphony Orch. - Lyric Theatre. 8:30 P.M.

Michael Cooney - Main Point

DRAMA

"Wildswan" a quartet of plays by Gordon Porterfield. Corner Theatre. 9 P.M.

"The Sound of Music" Balto. Actors Theatre. 8:30 P.M.

DANCING

Folk dancing - Levering Hall, JHU. Instructions & dancing. 8 P.M.

Friday, October 16

MUSIC

Folk music - U.M.B.C. 8 - 12:30 P.M.

"Quinn" Bluesette. 8 P.M.

"Alley Blues Band" Blues Back Alley. 2-5 A.M. (Sat. Morn.)

Michael Hunt returns to Coffeegrounds. Michael Cooney - Main Point

DRAMA

"Wildswan" a quartet of plays by Gordon Porterfield. Corner Theatre - 9 P.M.

"Exit the King" by Ionesco. Community College of Balto. 8 P.M.

FILM

"Personna" U.M.B.C., Chem. Bldg. 4 P.M.

Saturday, October 17

MUSIC

"Crank" Bluesette. 8 P.M.

"Matrix" Blues Back Alley. 2-5 A.M. (Sun. morn.)

(Group unannounced as yet) U.M.B.C. 8 P.M.

"Aaron's Rod" People's Place. 7:30 P.M. \$1.

Michael Cooney - Main Point

DRAMA

"The Measures Taken" Balto. Theatre Ensemble - 12 Midnight

"Exit the King" by Ionesco. Community College of Balto. 8 P.M.

"Wildswan" a quartet of plays by Gordon Porterfield. Corner Theatre. 9 P.M.

Sunday, October 18

NATURE

Trail Clearing in Balto. County. Leaves 10 A.M. Call Mary Eberhardt - 472-2420

Hike along Patuxent River. Leave 10 A.M. Call Tom Herbert 243-7342.

FILM

"Stars of the Russian Ballet" & "Night Journey" by Maryland Ballet Co. - Loyola College, Ruzicka Hall. 4 P.M. & 7 P.M.

"Personna" U.M.B.C., Chemical Bldg. 8 P.M.

MUSIC

"Dizzy Gillespie" Famous Ballroom - 5 P.M.

Jam session - Bluesette. 8 P.M.

Michael Cooney - Main Point

"Chicago" Balto. Civic Center - 7 P.M.

DRAMA

"Exit the King" by Ionesco. Community College of Balto. 8 P.M.

CONTINUING

thru Oct. 16

ICON - IDEAL - FROM THE Smithsonian - Goucher College

thru Oct. 9

Technical Turn-Ons. A view of art & science. Community College of Balto., 2901 Liberty Hgts. Ave. 9 A.M. - 4 P.M. weekdays.

Oct. 18 thru Nov. 12

Exhib. of drawings & paintings by Allyn Harris - Community College of Balto., 2901 Liberty Hgts. Ave. 9 A.M. - 4 P.M. weekdays.

Thru Oct.

Faculty '70 - Maryland Institute faculty - photographers show. Stephany, B. Wilgus, J. Wilgus, Jaquish.

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AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO

Balto. Actors Theatre, Hollyday Room - Village of Cross Keys. More info. call Mrs. Dischinger - 323-1000 X 207.

Balto. Theatre Ensemble. Five West Theatre, North Ave. & Charles St. \$3. Stud. \$1.50 828-0020.

Balto. Civic Center, 201 W. Baltimore St. 837-0900

Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St. Min. age 18. \$2. 467-4404

Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. Fri. & Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1. 8 P.M. 467-4404

Coffeegrounds, Roland Ave. & Oakdale Rd.

Community College of Baltimore, 2901 Liberty Hgts. Ave. 523-2151

Corner Theatre, 853 N. Howard St. 728-4707

Crossroads, Loch Raven Blvd. & Woodbourne Ave.

Enoch Pratt Free Library, 400 Cathedral St. 837-9100.

Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620

Feltz Point Art Gallery, 811 S. Broadway. 675-6273.

Goucher College, Dulany Valley Rd. 825-3300

Johns Hopkins Univ., Charles & 34th. 366-3300.

Loyola College, Charles St. & Coldspring Lane. 435-2500.

Lyric Theatre, 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave. 685-5086

Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 525-3375.

Morgan State College, Hillen Rd. & Cold Spring Lane. 323-2270

No Fish Today, 610 N. Eutaw St. 669-4340

Peabody Conservatory of Music, 1 E. Mt. Vernon Place. 837-0600

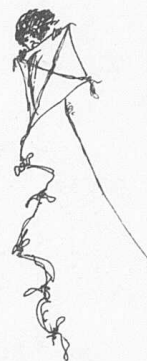
People's Place, Fleet St. & East Ave. (Alley - Bank & Highland) 7:30 P.M. \$1.

Spotlighters, 817 St. Paul St. 752-1225

Stoney Run Friend's Meeting House, 5116 N. Charles St. 433-8212.

U.M.B.C., (Univ. of M.d., Balto. Campus) 5401 Wilkens Ave. 744-7800.

Vagabond Players, Univ. of Balto., Langdale Lib., Md. Ave. & Oliver St. 358-6337.



Well built young man desires part time job as art or photographic model, nude or otherwise. All offers considered. PO Box 6229, Balt, 21206

To number 113191—Where is your head?

Andarine lives. Uncle Timothy

Hope you had a happy birthday Sidonie LEE. Love Kathy, Roger, Simon, Sergei, Mama, Biggie and Polly-Wolly Lee

Sam: I want to talk with you. Please call Sir William at 728-0744

I am 16 and need drums desperately. Have had various band offers and can't quite afford a set that's nice! Ronnie c/o HARRY or leave message at 235-7780

Girls wanted to give massage to make good pay. Leave name, address, phone at David Box 123 HARRY

Desire to purchase photo equip; trays, containers, chemicals etc. PO Box 27, Lutherville, 21093

Uninhibited couples needed to pose for medical textbook. Any age or race. Pleasant physical appearance please. Contact Mr. Greenstein 488-3430 (After 6 p.m.)

Black Angora Gemini male kittens, lovingly trained. Free to good homes. Call 837-6848

Organist wanted to play in Annapolis Area Band. Call Eddie 263-5383 in Annapolis.

HARRY is interested in doing an article or two on the Gay Liberation movement and also on the plight of non-movement Gay people in this fuck-up world. We would like to interview a number of people, particularly those who at this time are not openly declared. We feel that it is very important to write about this group of oppressed people. If you are willing to be interviewed, send your name and phone number or address to Dr. Steppenwolf, c/o HARRY. No one else will open the envelope, and all information is strictly confidential. We would like to hear from those who have advertised in these pages, as well as those who haven't, both freaks and non-freaks.



Dude or chick in 20's or 30's for a 2 or 3 month social and sexual relationship. Must have good head, dig music, art, autumn, being alone, and be compatible with Leo chick. I will be good to you. Ask for Dee at 828-7738

Yashica mat relex with F-35 88 mill. lenses and case—\$40. Dicta phone model six recorder. Cost \$400—sell \$75. Vegetable juicer \$25. Bedspreads—twin—\$10. TV \$20. Grower Fncvc. \$12. Automatic ironer \$12. Hollywood bedream \$5 and small stamp coll. Call 523-3703

Page, get your head together—love D

Wanted: Set of Drums to practice on or set to have cheap or free. Call HARRY 243-2150.

Rhythm guitar player (male), Vox equipped, and singer (chick), Kustom equipped, wish to start or join band. Want to do a lot of original material. WE have transportation. Don't want to separate. FREAKS ONLY!!! Call Mike PL2-3287 or Dusty 837-5646

Need a ride to Calif. by early Nov. Will share expenses. Tom 828-6316 after 9 p.m.

Female Boa Constrictor desires stud. Serious inquiries only. 488-9573

Leo-Virgo looking for guy to share rent, troubles, joys. Reply Leah, c/o HARRY, Box 505

GRANMA is coming to People's Place.

Hi Joe Giza

Band auditions held weekly. All groups invited. For details call—467-4404, ask for Jim Hayman.

Hi to Dickie from Laura.

Would the far-out chick who hitched from the Berlin Airlift in Wash. to 36th St. in Balt. with some cat and an octopus named Fred, I gotta see you or I'll blow my mind waiting or looking for you. c/o HARRY Box 660

For sale—brand new acoustic Harmony 12 string guitar, case and all \$140 or best offer. 366-1443 Patrick

For sale—Bongos orig. cost \$16. Will sell for \$8. 646-2358

VETERANS! The life you save may be your kid brother's! Help us stop this farce. Join Vets for Peace. 788-9131

Jeanette I never found the man with the cane. Love Len

Fender Jazz Bass, Excellent condition. Reasonable, 889-7318

JINGLES please call Marty

Hi to Les with sunglasses. Love Jes and Lori and Lisa.

Drummer needs work. 435-6557

INVOLVEMENT is new and growing. We need poetry, reviews or anything else that blows your mind. We are free, but as of now only have a low distribution. So if you want us, drop us a note. Next printing is mid-October. Involvement. c/o Michael Woessner, 1620 Kirkwood Rd., Balt, Md. 21207. Peace and love!

The Midtown Churches Community Association is sponsoring its annual toy store again this year and is in need of toys in good condition. If you have any toys, please call the Seventh Baptist Church at 837-3797 or Mrs. Holder at 666-1392 for further information.

Need riders. Going to San Francisco on or about Nov. 1. Male or female. Call Jerry 655-7491.

For sale: 63 VW good cond., \$650 or best offer. Beth 243-5299 after 4

Free kittens and/or cat. 523-3703

Need ride to West or Southwest U.S. Will share expenses. Jack 435-3806

For Brian of Jet Propulsion—someone cares. Stop, look and listen. From a simple nobody.

Colleen Quinn—Please call home—or call HARRY

Female students. If you wish to live off campus, share my A/C effie. apt. downtown area, call Bob 727-5313 after 5 p.m.

Beginning student (male) in life drawing would like to exchange modelling time with women student(s) (Not necessarily nude modelling). Need the drawing practice but can't afford pro models. If interested, call Taylor at 727-9447.

Leslie Michele—please contact the Fellowship of Lights immediately. (Emergency!)

I need a ride from Arbutus to Columbia to the Grass Roots Place on Sat. Evenings. Margi 247-2676

Drummer (24) and singer (22) looking for group—276-8059

Wanted people interested in helping make Harford County a cool place and like to help people of all ages, espec. ours. Join Bel Air Leo. Need membership bad. Anyone interested in more info, call Dave 838-8350 or Barb 838-6429.

A Corner Theatre Mind-Fuck. "Wildswan" by Gordon Porterfield. Four one act plays in one evening. Every Thursday. Friday and Saturday nite at 9 during October. 728-4707 for reservations.

Students—\$1.00 every Thursday nite at Corner Theatre.

Sensitivity Classes. Next one will start on Tuesday, October 27 at Corner Theatre. Call 728-4707 for info.

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High School

continued from page 12

The children are given twelve years of compulsory education, then declared "free." The nightmare is over. We are adults. We can enjoy ourselves. But no—now they tell us we've had our fun and it's time to get down to work. Whaaaat! We've been robbed! Alright, they say, tell you what, you're only seventeen, eighteen years old, still a kid really, you're entitled to one last fling. So you join the Navy to see the world, or go to college, or something like that. And then you're twenty-one, and it's done. You no longer look forward to getting older. You start regretting birthdays. You settle down. Life is over. There's nothing to do but stall off death. Have some kids and take it out on them.

There are ways out, lots of ways, as many ways as there are people. You don't have to fight the whole world to win back your life. You can get help from brothers and sisters trying to keep each other alive and free.

If you're completely fed up with college, if there's nothing keeping you there but fear of making the jump, then shut your eyes and jump. But if you kind of like the place, have lots of friends, etc.—then stay and change it. Make it free. Free means: NO TESTS AND NO GRADES.

Abolishing ROTC or military research won't make it free. Carrying around a sign saying somebody else isn't free won't make you free. Contributing money to Biafra or signing petitions for Czechoslovakia won't make you free. Your slavery is the tests and the grades. Your enemy is whoever tries to test you and grade you, whether he is a "liberal," a "reactionary," a "Marxist," or whatever.

No tests! No grades! Professors won't stand for it. Without tests and grades, who will listen to their lectures, laugh at their jokes, pretend to be interested in what they pretend to be interested in? How will they pay for the repairs on their cars? How will they finance their children's education? How will they meet their life insurance premiums? The professors will squawk and try to peck your eyes out. (For instance: if you disrupt a Final Examination, they'll bring in the cops to break your head and shoosha dead.)

The professors will claim to be defending Civilization Itself. Admit it now; if they didn't force you to read Shakespeare, you just know you wouldn't do it by yourself; every clod knows that's true. And if you don't read Shakespeare, who will? We need The Finer Things, Our Rich Cultural Heritage, etc. But then every clod also knows that if the professors had gotten hold of Shakespeare himself they would have kept him so busy doing snotty little essays about their pet literary heroes that he never would have gotten around to writing plays. The professors only appreciate the dead Shakespeares; give them a

BALMER SOUND

JOSHUA
AT
THE
BLUESSETTE

What happens when you take a band like Joshua and put them in a place like the Bluesette?

- a) Nothing.
- b) The spirit of Buddy Dean makes a pass over the Etta Gown Shop.
- c) Everybody gets it on.
- d) All of the above.
- e) None of the above.

I kind of favor "b" after seeing what had to be some of the most concentrated low-energy dancing I've witnessed since the Buddy Dean "committee" did it for TV ten years ago.



Paul Rugg greeted by female fan.

was in top form that night, riding right on top of the music. He was driving him and there were times when his singing fit so perfectly that it was almost something more than singing. Paul was leaping and dancing around the stage and that intense look of his made sense. Since then it has become an ever increasing mystery.

I wish that the group would either really get it on again or get more funky and relaxed. They play nothing but good solid stuff by groups like Traffic and Bloodwyn Pig and they do it well. Sandy Racher, on guitar, is good and competent, but there is precious little surprise in the way he puts it all together. Pete Plamondon, on bass, sneaks one in every now and then, though, and he seems to be having more fun than anyone else in the group. In the background is Jerry Seigel, one of the better drummers in Baltimore. All in all, I think Joshua needs more spontaneity and responsiveness to feedback, or lack of thereof, from the audience, even if it means getting rude sometimes, for which there is plenty of good precedent. Joshua is too good to be just another totem rock group.

living one, and they'll peck his balls off. When the people ask how come you students are kicking up such a fuss, tell them it's because you discovered the professors were faking. They'll know what you mean.

Getting rid of formal tests and grades is only the beginning. The system will look for other ways to keep you on its track. Clever administrators are able to stick the professor inside your own head by means of "honor systems." Force them to give up a formal test at a specific time and they'll try to turn EVERY MOMENT into a test. You will notice that you've been ranking your own brothers and sisters: who's the coolest, who's the most militant, who's the hippest, who's the best lay. You'll even find that the one who's sharpest at detecting hidden tests gets an A for that. You don't get free all in a moment. The thing to do is to start.

They tell you that college is a preparation for life. You're not supposed to begin life until you've finished with school. Okay. Take them at their word. Finish with school.

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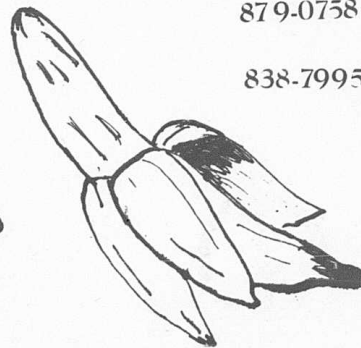
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HEY JOE, WHERE YOU GOIN' WITH THAT GUN IN YOUR HAND?

by Judith Lerner

JOE is the face peering from the cab of the truck at the end of *Easy Rider*. But Joe is not a tragic film in the sense that *Easy Rider* is, for there are no heroes in Joe. There is no one in the film you can like or admire. You just walk out of the theater wanting to puke.

Joe Curran is a fat-bellied steelworker who lives in a row house in Queens, where he keeps a treasured collection of guns and rifles. He frequents the American bar and grill, where he guzzles beer and loudly proclaims his opinions: all niggers are worthless and lazy; they spend their welfare money for booze ("there should be a law that if you don't work, you can't drink"); all social workers are nigger lovers; 42% of all liberals are queer. But Joe's deepest hate is directed at the goddam hippies; "they're even fuckin' up the music." (One suspects a different reason, though, for Joe's hatred of freaks, when, in a Greenwich Village joint, he looks disgustedly at a painting of a nude couple embracing and exclaims, "Those kids are getting more than we ever did.")

There Joe sits, even after the bartender has told him to shut up and "give us all a break," proclaiming how much he'd like to kill a hippie. On the stool next to him Bill Compton, \$60,000-a-year advertising executive, quietly says, "I just did," then treats it as a joke, whereupon Joe buys him a drink.

But it isn't a joke; Compton really has killed someone, the boy his daughter had been living with in a ratty room in the Village. Melissa Compton is lying in a bed at Bellevue, coming down (we're told) from an overdose of speed. While Compton is in the apartment gathering her clothes to take home, her boyfriend Frank comes in and begins taunting him. Compton bashes Frank's head against the wall until he is dead, panics, grabs a shopping bag full of dope, and runs to the

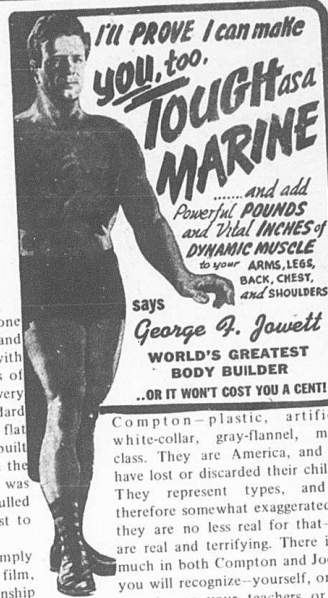
American Bar and Grill. Frank is no great loss; he's a thoroughly unpleasant person. He's a pusher (a dishonest one yet, who burns friends and strangers alike), a junkie who has introduced Melissa to smack and other goodies, a slob, and generally a mean bastard. (In fact, most of the freaks in the movie are rather unpleasant—sex-mad, junkies, thieves, and possibly even a pimp or two. Compton hates these kids just as much as Joe, though for a more personal reason. He lives with his plastic, lacquered wife in a concrete and glass cage overlooking Central Park, works in an air-conditioned, glass-enclosed office where his job is, in his words, "moving paper." It's easy to see why Melissa goes off with Frank the pusher, and why her parents react as they do.)

When the newspapers report the story of the unsolved hippie murder, Joe remembers Compton's remark in the bar and calls Compton, later meeting with him in a bowling alley. (Joe bowls in a league—he like Compton, is the complete cliché.) Compton naturally fears a blackmail attempt, but finds instead that Joe considers him a hero and wants to be buddies with the man who had the guts to do what Joe just talks about doing. Compton is at first horrified by what he has done and terribly afraid of being found out. (For some unstated reason, the cops never do show up to question him.) Melissa finds out from a friend that Frank was murdered, escapes from the hospital, goes home in time to overhear her parents discussing the murder, and runs away from her father. Compton and Joe go down to the Village to search for her. When a group of kids in a coffeehouse find out that the two men have lots of dope, they invite them to a party, where everyone gets zonked. (Joe is offered a toke from a big Turkish water-pipe and proudly says that he knows how to do it: "I've seen it on TV lots of times.") Later, while Joe and Compton are bailing two of the girls, the other freaks make off with

the dope and money. Joe forces one girl to tell where they've gone and the two men set off after them with Joe's guns. The last few minutes of the film are bloody and not very credible. The ending is Standard Cliche Ending No. 34 and very flat after the tension that has been built up to that point. It's as though the director suddenly realized he was about to run out of film and pulled out the nearest item handy just to finish off the movie.

The flimsy plot, however, is simply background for the bulk of the film, which deals with the relationship between Compton and Joe and the psychological changes which occur in Compton as a result of Joe's influence. Compton is at first shocked by his own violent action, knowing that the murder of Frank was unintentional. He is slightly repelled by Joe's eager approval of the deed and Joe's subsequent attempt to become friendly with him. The Comptons exchange social visits with the Currans, realizing that they must retain Joe's goodwill in order to prevent him from betraying them to the police. Compton's attitudes toward Joe and towards Frank's murder change gradually and simultaneously. He begins to rationalize the murder as a basically good deed, since Frank was so rotten and worthless. He gradually accepts more and more of Joe's attitudes toward dirty hippies; they may have been ideas he was raised to believe and never totally rejected, or he may simply be influenced by his daughter's experiences. Whatever the reasons, by the end of the film, there is very little difference between Compton and Joe. They are you and me and him and them and America.

It's more Compton's film than that is Joe's, but most of all, it's America's movie. Outwardly the two men represent fairly extreme types. You know the words for Joe—hardhat, redneck, Middle American, red-white-and-blue—and you know the words for



Compton—plastic, artificial, white-collar, gray-flannel, middle class. They are America, and they have lost or discarded their children. They represent types, and are therefore somewhat exaggerated, but they are no less real for that—they are real and terrifying. There is too much in both Compton and Joe that you will recognize—yourself, or your parents, or your teachers or your friends. There is a great deal of Compton and Joe in all of us. There has to be; they are both part of the American Dream, on which we were all raised. Joe is the honest workman, protecting home and country from foreign elements. Compton is the wealthy middle class, the man who has Made It Big—home, car, family, job. You may have rejected the Dream yourself on ago, but it's far from dead, and Joe brings out all its worst aspects. At the same time, the film points out all the worst aspects of the not-yet-existent Counter Culture, the replacement we are trying to create for the false American dream. Nothing is left of hope or joy.

Be sure to notice the audience when you see Joe. The night I went, it was about 1/2 freaks and the rest Comptons and Joes. There were people who laughed at Joe, scorned him, but at the same time envied Compton's wealth and position. There were people—nice middle class liberal types—who would have reacted the same way Compton did if they were in his position. They evidence an amused tolerance toward "those crazy kids," but like Compton, they wouldn't want their daughter to live with one. All them that must obey authority/They do not respect in any degree/Who despise their jobs, their destiny/Speak jealously of them that are free.

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Wake of Poseidon—3.13

Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11-6
Thurs. 11-8

Letters continued from page 2

Dear HARRY

I am an American (that's c-a-n not k-a-n). I am also a revolutionist. You don't belong in this revolution unless you are an American. "Dropping out" of the American system means (to me) dropping out of this revolution! As an outsider you are simply forcing your way of thinking down the "enemy's" throat! That will only make the people we are trying to change rebel against us. Remember when you were a small child and your mom made you sit at the dinner table and eat a certain kind of food even though you hated it and it made you choke and gag? Do you eat that certain kind of food today? If you do—do you enjoy eating it?

The revolution will not take place overnight. This revolution is very young. It is like a baby. Therefore, it will take a lot of patience to grow into a full, strong bodied, sound minded adult.

We are no longer the children of America. We are the parents of the future America! WE will not get her freedom by fighting or by violence—we must raise her and let

her learn from us, as we learn from her.
Your Sister

Dear HARRY

The article in the last issue of HARRY on Dope contained one important piece of incorrect information. It stated that cocaine was not an addicting drug. This is not true. It is indeed addicting. In fact, one of the world's most famous doctors struggled with a life-long addiction to cocaine after experimenting with it as an anesthetic on himself and unwittingly became addicted.

There are one or two other important facts about cocaine that should be pointed out. Sniffing it, often results in perforation or destruction of the nasal septum (the piece of cartilage inside the nose that separates the two nostrils). When this happens, infection can occur that lasts and may be very difficult to treat.

The real experts on cocaine are heroine addicts. They will tell you that while shooting cocaine produces a unique tingling sensation all over the body that in some may be more pleasurable than the effect of shooting heroine, they are all very

much afraid to shoot it. This is because of a strong ability to cause death from an overdose, which it can do in even small doses. Only a very desperate addict who is going out of his mind for a fix and cannot get smack will shoot cocaine. Addicts can often tell you a very personal story of a friend who killed himself with an OD of cocaine under those circumstances. Smoke grass! It's a lot safer!

Dr. Steppenwolf

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RECORD REVIEWS

TWEET

The Byrds (Untitled)
(G30127) 2 Record Set

It's been six years since we saw out, first Byrd, and Roger McGuinn is still standing in his album photographs, bending one knee and gazing into the California sun, maybe at a jet plane. David Crosby, Gene Clark, Chris Hillman, Mike Clark, Kevin Kelley, Gram Parsons, John York and a cast of thousands who through their collective effort and McGuinn's incredible drive to keep the group alive, have made it possible for you to buy or steal this new Byrds album, and hear or steal two records for the price of one and a half.

The first disc is recorded live and it sounds like a good set. "8 Miles High" runs for an entire side, and contains no vocals; it is also extremely boring after one listening. The rest of the live section consists of the Byrds' standards: "Rock 'n Roll Star", "Mr. Tambourine Man", and "Mr. Spaceman"; a country instrumental they call "Nashville West", "Lover of the Bayou", and Dylan's "Positively 4th Street". Clarence White's guitar playing is just the right touch, bending everything into place, and making the music flow.

The studio recording starts with "Chestnut Mare", a McGuinn tune about chasing a horse. The plot's not much, but it has a very catching, melodic chorus. In fact, all the material on the studio disc is marked by long, repetitious choruses. Pieces from their last album like "Oil in My Lamp" and "Jesus is Just Alright" exemplify the type of songs that McGuinn, Skip Battin, and others have written for this album. "All Things", "Well Com e Back Home", and Leadbelly's "Take A Whiff" are excellent cuts with lots of fine guitar work by White and McGuinn.

This isn't the same group that McGuinn started out with, it really isn't the same sound as the last album. John York was replaced on bass by Skip Battin, and the Byrds now lack a truly distinctive voice singing the high harmonies. But the music is better than ever, or at least better than recently, and Roger McGuinn rolls on.

by Andre Dexitore

NEIL YOUNG

Neil Young: After The Gold Rush

This is Neil Young's third "solo" album since he left the Buffalo Springfield, and the second on which he is backed by Crazy Horse, his country rock band. Steve Stills and Greg Reeves of CSN&Y are also present on several songs. Nils Lofgren of Grin plays some simple but tasteful and excellent piano, especially on the title tune, "Till the Morning Comes," and "Birds."

Those looking for a sound reminiscent of *Deja Vu* will be disappointed, but the true Neil Young fan will be both surprised and pleased. *After the Gold Rush* includes both the simple ballads and explosive lead guitar sections we have come to expect from Neil. The driving beat of "Southern Man" and "When You Dance I Can Really Love" remind me of the "Everybody Knows This is Nowhere" album with Crazy Horse.

Several of the songs included here are on the live bootleg CSN&Y album which was reviewed in the last issue. A lyric sheet is included, and the words to "Tell Me Why", "After the Gold Rush", and "Southern Man" are especially intense. But you won't find the likes of "Ohio" here—this is not a political album. It's hard to say in exactly what direction Neil Young is heading. But on this album he simply continues to prove what a great lyricist and musician he is.

by Doug Douglass

DAVE MASON

Dave Mason, ALONE TOGETHER,
(Blue Thumb/Stereo/BTS19)

As I remember it, Dave Mason was always either the black sheep of Traffic (something about personality conflicts with Stevie Winwood) or the almost unheralded guitarist on many of the Delaney and Bonnie tours and recordings.

None of which is true anymore. Seems that his *Alone Together* on Blue Thumb has received rave reviews from the critics and SOLD!!!

You might want to think of *Alone Together* as another product of the Bramlitt-Russell conspiracy—which, to summarize is the product of all the people who have ever played with the Bramlitts or have been produced by Leon Russell. Which means the latest Eric Clapton, Joe Cocker, D&B On Tour, Leon Russell, and Dave Mason lps. Looking at the credits on all these albums will show that the rhythm section of bassist Carl Radle and drummer Jim Keltner and the entire D&B "friends" horn section on nearly every track.

Of course, nearly everyone knew Mason could write. *Feelin' Alright* and *Only You Know and I Know* are already approaching classic status. What *Alone Together* proves is that 34 minutes of Mason's guitar, vocals, and songs just isn't enough.

There really isn't any reason to say that any song is better than any other on the album. About the only disappointment is that Mason didn't include an un-trafficked version of "Feelin' Alright".

I won't mention the multi-colored disc or the fold-out cover because this record doesn't need any gimmicks to make itself known.

by David Greisman

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by Elizabeth

While standing outside Schmidt's bakery one recent Saturday afternoon I was approached by an overly aggressive man who suggested I have dinner at the Pine Street Police Station at 212 N. Pine St. Before I had a chance to decline he had shoved me into a nearby paddy wagon. Pine St. is so hard up for customers they have to drag them in off the street and even supply transportation. They have to do this because people seem strangely reluctant to go there on their own.

On your arrival, the cheerful maitre d' leads you through a winding path to your table—after a brief stop to register for your suite. This is no ordinary restaurant for each table is situated in one of those secluded little alcoves set off from the main room by curtains. Only here they used heavy metal bars.

After a short wait of only four or five hours the waitress informs you that your dinner will be served. There is no need to trouble yourself with a menu or ordering since they serve only one dish. The day I was there I feasted on a piece of rubber disguised as a hamburger placed between two slices of bread and topped with a creamy gravy made up of 2 parts flour, 1 part water and no part flavor. This was accompanied with some greasy french fries and a cup of coffee. You'd better like your coffee with cream and sugar because that's the only way it comes. Luckily I do. You can relax and enjoy this sumptuous fare soothed by the quite background noises of people screaming, crying and banging on the metal walls, and entertained by the intriguing patterns of chipped paint and scratched graffiti.

The establishment is well staffed

with a different waiter/waitress for each task. One to pass the food through the bars, another who follows ten minutes later with a fork and yet another who provides a cardboard box in which to throw the remains of the meal. Although there is no shortage of people to wait on you, the service does not come up to par, especially in view of the good breeding of the clientele. Unlike most restaurants where the help receives a small salary and most of their money is made in tips, here the management does not use these means to force its employees to be pleasant and attentive to the clientele. Here a waitress does not have to depend on your good will for her bread and this is apparent in the quality of the service or lack of it.

Pine St. is only one of a large chain of similar restaurants throughout the country, all of them charging exorbitant prices to unwilling customers. I haven't received the bill yet but another diner was charged \$50. and costs, which seems a bit steep. All things considered Pine St. is awarded one Thunderbird bottle full of gasoline with a rag stuffed in the top.



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CULTVRE



I DON'T LIVE TODAY

by P. J. O'Rourke

*I'm not the only soul
Who's accused of hit and run
Tire tracks all across your back
I can see you've had your fun!*

At the coroner's inquest they said that Jimi Hendrix died after an overdose of barbiturates, of choking on his own vomit. That's a piece of karmic irony no artist deserves.

"Hey Joe" was playing on the stereo the first time I shot speed. And the music that followed was different than anything I'd ever heard. In fact, Jimi Hendrix was playing on the stereo through all the worst or most amazing part of my life—when I was a younger kid, tearing myself apart and trying to fuck myself to death. He was so intense—some kind of Edna St. Vincent Milay of the wah-wah pedal. I'm not old enough to remember when Great Bird Parker died, but Lenny Bruce said that for months after, on the walls and subway stations of New York, you'd read: "Bird Lives." It's the Man's culture. The situation. Art always deals with the situation. And the situation is intense. When you're too knocked out to get off by cutting up in the streets—then you're a worse nigger yet. There's no room in the situation for any bad niggers. If you let it get ahold of you and you got to let it loose, they'll shoot you in Chicago or burn you out at the Fillmore. There's this intense way to go out and it's quick, man, flash. Aeschylus knew all about it. You can Cassandra yourself to death and they'll sell your heat when you crash and burn.

What's to say when a Charlie Parker dies. It's not like some Kennedy. There's no knashing of teeth in high



1945 -

school cafeterias across the nation. A personal thing, some ways. My friend Carliner has been three days listening to everything Hendrix recorded. He doesn't say what's on his mind. I suppose a whole lot more people know Hendrix and a whole lot better than just a few days ago. Kadi Kiiss waited tables at the Cafe Wha? in '66 when James Hendrix played there. "He was always very nice," she said, "and quiet. I wonder if he would remember me?" She was backstage at Atlanta when he played and took some pictures there. But we lost the film. She didn't have the nerve to go and ask and, anyway, she's gone off to Sausalito somewhere.

In a bar in Columbus I used to come down from acid by "All Along The Watchtower" and a quart bottle of Stroh's. Not so long before Hendrix was dead, Constance Nowakowski had to write in here about seeing the kids shot at Kent. And she and I used to lie in bed together, across the street from that university, to the tune of "Foxy Lady." So in the fall of '67, Pete the Needle brought "Are You Experienced?" back from L.A. I sang "I Don't Live Today" over my lost girlfriend, who lives today with a truck driver in Oxford, Ohio. In 1968 I walked every day across the side of Tompkins Square humming "Manic Depression."

*"I've been imitated so well I've
heard people copy my mistakes."*

It can be said that he's really a part of something. But I must admit that he's part of something that's gone. That didn't bear the weight. Good-bye Jimi Hendrix and the bubble burst drug culture, Summer of Love, and the Gothic Blimp Works, Family Dog, sugar cubes, acid rock and the I Ching. Hello again, Dwight David Eisenhower. Things do come full circle

When Hendrix played "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the end of Woodstock, it was the best thing I'd heard since Billie Holiday. But it *did* sound like he was signing off.

"Scuse me while I kiss the sky."

Taos continued from page 11

makes the foundation stand apart from the other communes, there is another important physical difference. Only about five people at Lama can be said to be permanent members. The others are really visitors who pay \$60 a month to live and learn at Lama. They are primarily students seeking spiritual guidance, and not people looking for a place to live communally. Thus, Lama is closer to a religious retreat, school, than to a communal home. Furthermore, because membership at Lama is restricted to about 30, and because requests for membership far exceed that number, the directors can be highly selective about who comes to Lama. Consequently, they have a very serious, mostly educated, and probably fairly wealthy membership.

I left Lama at about 4:00 p.m., hoping to catch a ride to Santa Fe before dark. I caught a ride with two GI's on a five-day leave from somewhere in Kansas, and a chick they'd picked up earlier. They greeted me with "Brother," passed a pipe and a sandwich, and we sped south on a cloud of hash.

In Santa Fe, the ancient capital city of New Mexico, I sought out a crash pad for the night and was directed by a local freak to a place called El Centro. It was a community center, established by a priest, which seemed to be a gathering place for local and transient hippies and psychedelic casualties. It was the eve of Easter Sunday and a small crowd of people had gathered at the center to make plans for a sunrise Mass that was to be held up in the mountains. There was an incredible air of excitement about the place; Alan Ginsberg was expected momentarily.

When Ginsberg arrived he began talking about how beautiful it was that so many young people from the cities were making the move to the country, turning back to nature, digging the land and living communally. He said the move to the country was one of "historic inevitability," since the cities were so overcrowded. Then an old-timer, apparently a regular at El Centro, countered with an objection; he agreed that the country was beautiful and the cities were overcrowded, but why, he asked, should we let the city problems become the country problems? Too many young people, he objected, were leaving the problems of the cities behind them and bringing new problems to the country. They were coming he argued, with no knowledge of the naturally imposed hardships of rural living. They didn't know how to farm, they didn't know how to conserve the ecology, they didn't know how to bear the severely cold winters, and hot dry summers. They came, he believed, with noble aspirations and virtually no preparation. They came wanting to be farmers, or Indians, or gypsies. But they are, in fact, hippies, and try as they may, they will remain hippies.

The argument dragged on in the classic confrontation between the poetic, romantic city dweller and the practical empirical man of the open spaces. Ginsberg's vision seems to overlook the practical problems manifest in the mass migration of city-bred freaks to a place foreign to their equipment for survival and unsympathetic to their alternative lifestyles. He moved to the country, he said, because of an "ecological vision" he had experienced while on an acid trip in Wales.

Then the old-timer, frustrated and vehement, stirred the consciences of all those assembled: "But you're just escapers," he said, "and can't you see that there ain't no place to escape to? You're trying to run away from a system, not a place, and that system is here and it's there and it's everywhere. You can't run away from it. New Mexico is in America and America is in New Mexico. Change America and then you don't have to come to New Mexico. This ain't no little island in the sun." The old man was right. Everyone knew it and there wasn't much more to say. New Mexico is not an island. It's dead smack in the middle of the vast moral desert that is America. And if any kind of cultural revolution is to come about in America, it must take place all over America—the cities, the deserts, the suburbs and the mountains.

Hopefully, the communists and the Chicanos—and the Taos establishment—will find their way to peaceful change. That change requires struggle against ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, poverty—the whole gamut of human misery. More hopefully still, those who still live in the cities and hope for a return to the country will reconsider their plans and turn their energies toward restoring the principles of country living to America at large.



No Show

by Bob Hobby

The University of Maryland will not be the site of the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention this fall. The University's Cole Field House and other facilities had been listed as second choice for the site by the Black Panthers. First choice was the District of Columbia National Guard Armory. Rennie Davis carried this proposal to the students at the University on September 23rd and he urged them to "liberate this campus by any means necessary." The Panthers and the Convention Steering Committee requested the 14,000 seat field house and any other available facilities and noted that the date was dependent on the University's own schedule. The committee also noted that housing would be arranged in downtown areas and that they would control and limit attendance if necessary. Chancellor of the College Park campus, Charles E. Bishop, announced on September 29th, "the university has neither the facilities nor the provisions to handle the logistical requirements of such a meeting or to protect the health, safety, and welfare of students and visitors under such circumstances."

The announcement was co-signed by Stewart Robinson, Student Government Association president, who, three days earlier, had called the convention a "good and educational event that should be held on this campus."

At an open house meeting in his office two days after the announcement, Bishop told an inquiring student that he had bowed to outside pressures in denying use of the facilities for the convention. But, when he noticed a reporter from the campus newspaper taking notes, Bishop cautioned, "That's off the record." The administrations announcement stated that "the campus and its facilities are dedicated and reserved for educational pursuits. Our facilities are presently over-taxed, and it is our judgement that the normal educational, athletic, cultural and social programs of the university would be severely disrupted, if not curtailed, by the influx of large numbers of people for a three-day meeting."

Davis had said in his speech on the campus mall in front of the library that,

"3000 people are going to come here. We are asking that you propose to the state and this university's administration that Cole Field House be made available for this most historic and important event to take place. We want to transform this university into the most exciting educational experience that any university has ever known before."

The day after the rally, Robinson was quoted in the student newspaper as saying, "Chancellor Bishop appeared to be receptive to the idea and he is going to check into the possibility of getting Cole Field House." But the denial was believed by some students to be handed down from the State House in Annapolis.

In a conciliatory move, the administration offered the university's facilities for the convention in August 1971. But it appears that, barring the direct take-over by students of the entire campus for the convention, the Steering Committee will have to try to obtain the D.C. Armory. Fat Chance.

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SMOKING NEEDS

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

by Marvin Garson

(Nola Express/UPS)

Final exams begin tomorrow and I suddenly realize that there is a course I signed up for at the beginning of the semester and have completely forgotten about since. I never went to class and I never bought the textbooks. All semester long I've pushed that course out of my mind but here comes the exam and I don't know where to begin. I wake up in such a panic that it takes several minutes before I can reassure myself that it was just a dream. I have had this dream several times since graduating from college. Moreover, I keep coming across people who have had the exact same dream. I suspect that even professors have it.

Kids hate tests. Kids hate school in general of course, but what they hate most about it is tests. When you get to college, you're supposed to call them "examinations," shortened to "exams." You're supposed to say, "Of course, we all dislike exams..." instead of "I hate tests." Some college students even show off how grown up they are by praising a particularly "stimulating" professor for "giving tests that make you think." Meanwhile, behind our backs, the professors trade stories about how incredibly ignorant we are.

"This sophomore, an English major, mind you, thought D.H. Lawrence was an Arabian."

"That's nothing. Wait til you hear about the quiz I gave my Poli Sci class..."

Most people have a hard time remembering anything they learned in school. The only concept they really get across in school is that people are ignorant and lazy and wouldn't learn anything at all if they weren't kept in line with tests and grades.

Yet if there is one thing you can say about human beings in general, it's that they're smart. Deer run fast, hawks see far, gophers dig holes—people learn. Learning comes naturally to us, it's built in, it's our thing. Look how easily children learn during the first years of life—until they are introduced to "compulsory education" at the age of six. Compulsory education. What a strange idea. It's like compulsory love. Suppose people were ordered to fuck and tested on their performance. They'd lose all real desire, they'd fake it instead—and they'd tell you it was the only way. "Gee, if they didn't make us fuck we'd never do it."



The administrators of compulsory love would be very proud of themselves for being so modern. "In the old days, believe it or not, people weren't even allowed to say 'fuck.' But now everyone has a equal opportunity for supervised sex—and though some of our young people may indulge in nihilistic protests against the system, they are only a tiny minority acting out of personal frustration rather than genuine social concern."

Consider the problem of the chicken. The modern chicken gets plenty of enriched feed full of hormones and vitamins. She lives in a dry, warm, well-lighted coop designed to save her the trouble of taking a single unnecessary step. The chicken has no small grievances, just a single big one: her life is not her own.

It's the same way with the people who eat those chickens and live in carpeted coops. The issue is your life. Your own life. Either it belongs to you or it doesn't.

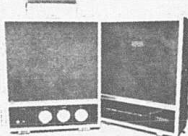
When they steal your life, they call it "education" and say they're giving you something. But if it's a gift, why is it compulsory?

At the age of six, children are ready to form bands and roam through the cities, poking around, seeing what's happening, asking questions. But we can't have children playing with our typewriters and automobile engines and cash registers—they'd get in the way and break things, and interfere with the people working, and we're very busy, we don't have the time to answer their questions—so keep children out of the world, to keep them from learning about it in their own natural way, we lock them up in rooms and call it education. Books about the world they have been locked out of are brought into the school room. The kids are forced to read the books under threat of staying in this nightmare forever if they don't pass the tests. The reason children are locked out of the workaday world is that their questions would be too embarrassing. So many people aren't exactly sure what their job is, or how it fits in with anything else or why they're doing what they're doing; so many people know, in other words, that they're faking; if the children caught on, it would be all over. The system can't afford to let the children test it; so it tests them.

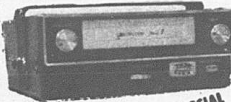
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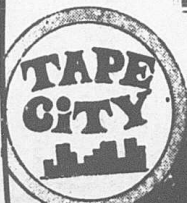
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Efforts to change the law so as to include the communes under the code is at issue in a recent election. It is estimated that if the communes were closed for sanitary reasons, three-quarters of the dwellings in the state of New Mexico would be forced to follow suit.

Another tactic in its efforts to drive out the hippies is the state's recent decision to withdraw from the federal food stamp program. The official reason is that the administration of the program is too costly. Though there may be some truth in this, it is apparent that the officials believe that if the hippies stop receiving free food they'll leave. They couldn't be more wrong. In point of fact, several communes have voluntarily gone off the food stamps, and most others welcome the end of the program. The feeling is that reliance on the establishment for any kind of help fosters an unwanted dependence, hindering the communes from becoming self-reliant. The real effect of the demise of the food stamp program will be felt among the poor and elderly Indians and Chicanos, who really need them for survival. If the establishment formula for repression works as it should, the Chicanos will blame the hippies for the ending of the program, and the legislature will have saved itself about \$400,000 a year.

Communalism has a long and varied history in these United States, dating back into the 17th century. The current communal experiments are as varied in form and intention as is the history of the movement and the Taos communes are no exception.

Taos, itself, has a history of communalism, being the site of D.H. Lawrence's attempt to create an American Utopia. And, of course, the Taos Pueblo Indians have been living in communal style for several thousand years. But only in the last three or four years has Taos become nationally prominent as a center for communalism.

Why Taos? The land is mostly arid, the people generally unsympathetic, and the winters reach temperatures of 20 below. But northern New Mexico is one of the few wilderness areas left in the U.S. which is even remotely inhabitable. And four years ago the land was relatively cheap. Since a major tenet of the rural communal ideal is to return to an "essential" primitive existence, close to nature and in some cases, God, Taos County must have seemed an ideal location.

The harshness of the winters and the hardness of the dry, clay earth make Taos a logical place to pit the strength of spiritual ideals against the toughness of nature. Modern man's lost puberty or initiation rites in manhood are reclaimed in the sometimes bitter struggle against the natural (as well as the social) environment of Taos. There is a tendency on the part of longtime communalists to regard new members as neophytes until they've weathered at least one winter.

Whatever the reason, and there are probably as many illogical as logical ones, Taos is today the site of about a dozen communes. Some are small, nameless "families" with from 10 to 15 members living on a few acres of farmland. Others are highly organized "intentionalized" groups with as many as 40 to 60 members, constituting a kind of "village." Still others are large, unstructured, unorganized "open land" communities where anyone may move in, set up a hut or a tent, and participate in the "community" as much or as little as he pleases. Each type is operating with relative success, depending upon the criteria of evaluation.

Transient homeless hippies come to the Taos communes believing they've found permanent crashpads that will feed them and provide them a place to sleep until they've gathered up enough restlessness to move on. Obviously, such a situation creates an energy drain, as well as a food and space drain. Transients are too often unsympathetic to, or unaware of, the special problems communal living presents. For example, at New Buffalo, a day was set aside for silent meditation and coming-together after a period of strife. The attempt was destroyed by a drifting hippie who walked around with a battery-operated radio blasting rock

and roll across the peaceful fields. Thereafter, New Buffalo locked their gate and posted a sign reading, "No Visitors."

In contrast to New Buffalo stands Morningstar East. Morningstar is completely open and, if the vibes are right, generous and friendly. Located on the wind-swept top of a mesa near Arroyo Hondo, Morningstar is an extension of the original Morningstar West in Sonoma County, California. Three years ago, some 30 Morningstar West people gave up the comparative luxuries of Northern California farmland and came to Taos at the invitation of Michael Duncan who had purchased the mesa for a communal project. They built an adobe pueblo which houses about 30 people, and began work on a communal kitchen, though it remains uncompleted. In addition, they constructed an underground kiva which was supposed to be used for meetings and meditation, though it's become more of a crash pad for wandering hippies. Several other adobe houses were eventually constructed on the property by individuals. Scattered across the mesa are tents and teepees and lean-to's, occupied by more recent members who either prefer the privacy of separate sleeping quarters or are waiting for rooms in the pueblo. Currently there are about 45-50 people living at Morningstar, of whom 25-30 are original members.

There is no formal organization or authority at Morningstar. There is, I think, a kind of quasi-leadership which consists of the core people—those who have been there the longest and are the most serious. They don't hold meetings or issue edicts, but they seem somehow to maintain the cohesiveness and guide the direction of activity on the commune. Their leadership is unspoken and seems to maintain itself by being right. One might say they govern through the humanist-anarchist principle of trust. Since no one at Morningstar is in any way typical of anything, there is no such metaphysical beast as a "typical day." My third day on the mesa must have been about as ordinary as any. I had the good fortune of being offered a corner of one of the rooms of the adobe pueblo for sleeping. We woke at about 8:00, schlepped out into the glaring morning sunlights, and walked over to the partially constructed communal kitchen where several women were preparing a breakfast of oatmeal and rank coffee for anyone who wanted to come. When the meal was ready, a large bell was rung and about 20 people in various stages of undress stumbled out of huts, teepees and pueblo rooms and ambled across the mesa.

The breakfast was terrible, and the coffee unbearable. But it wiped out the cotton-mouth of the morning and started the juices running for the day's activities. By 9:00 I was in the fields with a traveling companion, a shovel and a wheelbarrow full of shit. The morning's project was to cover an unused dirt road with fresh compost which would later be plowed and furrowed and planted. There were about 15 people and one sway-backed nag in the fields that morning plowing, shoveling shit, seeding, irrigating, weeding. Irrigation comes from a water ditch that flows over several miles of terrain from the Hondo River. By noon the temperature had reached 90 degrees, and most of the laborers had stripped off some or all of their clothing. What in all the world is more beautiful than a dark, bare-breasted girl pulling weeds from a field of sprouting peas? After lunch we returned to the fields, but by 4:00 a light rain we'd watched approaching across several miles of mountains swept across the mesa and we scattered back to the pueblo.

In the meantime, a young couple had driven the switchback road and asked to crash for the night. They'd brought with them a gallon of Red Mountain's famous Burgandy and a lid of grass. Needless to say, they were welcomed with open arms and salivating smiles. The rest of the afternoon was spent in the covered kiva—a round structure, built underground in descending oval tiers. About 15 people gathered to drink wine, smoke weed and rap about the work schedule, while a gentle rain pattered overhead.

Morningstar is worried, as is everyone in Taos County, about

what the future will bring. Since it's widely known that Morningstar is the commune most open to transients, they're likely to receive the heaviest part of the expected influx. The commune has handled up to 70 people at one time, but the mesa is a l r e a d y g e t t i n g a b o u t a "village-like"—and some of the older members are somewhat apprehensive. "Three years ago we needed a place to come," said one couple, "and Morningstar was here. How can we, now, turn away people in the same position?" Unfortunately if they don't they may find themselves out in the cold.

Morningstar isn't the only open commune in Taos County, only the most open. Lila commune, north of San Cristobal, was also generous and friendly, offering me space in a hut for the night and dinner. Lila is a completely different trip from Morningstar. They're highly organized and "intentionalized." Their orientation is spiritual, emulative of the Lama Foundation. They have visiting teachers in from time to time for special consultations and teaching. While I was there a man from Esalen was conducting sessions in sensitivity awareness. They permit no dope and discourage meat eating. Every day is begun with a half-hour meditation session before breakfast and the day's work. And everyone works every day; there's no fucking off. Compared to Morningstar their trip seemed pretty heavy, but they were very much together. Also, they're attempting to organize an alternative school for the children of Lila, Lama and Lorian communes—the only cooperative effort evident among the communes. Children on the other communes are given whatever education they receive at the commune from their parents. Some attend local public schools.

About a mile's walk from Lila is Lorian commune. Lorian falls into the category of "open land" communities. The only real communal activity is farming. About a dozen shacks, tents, teepees, adobes, A-frames and one concrete dome are scattered across what is probably the most fertile beautiful land in Taos County. Despite the natural advantages of the land, there is very little togetherness, as residents are ready to admit. There is virtually no organization or authority, and the land is wide open to whomever wants to move onto it.

My last stop in Taos County was at the Lama Foundation, nestled high in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Lama permits visitors only on Sundays, when anywhere between 20 and 100 people will trek up the winding, bewildering dirt road off Highway 3. Lama is without question the most highly developed and exclusive commune in Taos County. From its paradisiac perch at about 8000 feet, it commands an incredible view of forests and mountains. Since Baba Ramm Dass (formerly Richard Alpert) made Taos his unofficial U.S. headquarters, it has become a mecca for serious students of spiritual awareness.

The "essence of spirituality" at Lama is understood in very practical terms and applied at all levels of consciousness. According to their descriptive brochure, "Directed work proceeds in three areas—the physical, the emotional, and the mental—with the hope that this directed effort will 'acclimate' the growth of self-knowledge. This common effort provides a focus for a community of people who share these basic aspirations—to know who we are, why we are here, and what our relationship is to ourselves, our fellow men and the universe. We do not espouse any single way or doctrine, or set of beliefs..."

Lama's focus on self-sufficiency and ecological integration has produced some remarkable experiments in solar heating and winter gardening. This year they've managed to grow vegetables, to a limited degree, since January.

At the mental-emotional level, projects include nightly encounters, classes in a variety of spiritual disciplines (dependent on the wishes of the members and the availability of resident and visiting instructors), Yoga sessions, chanting, Tai Chi Chuan (a meditative dance movement) and private study.

Aside from the sophistication and seriousness of Lama, which in itself

(Continued on page 13)

The communes' lack of interest in cooperative protection stems from the fact that very little violence has occurred on the communes themselves. Most acts of violence have taken place in town, or on the smaller communal farms, and have been directed against no more than two or three hippies at a time.

The real harassment of the communes comes from a much more impersonal source: county and state authorities. As in California, the health officials of New Mexico have threatened to close down most of the communes for failing to meet minimum standards of health and sanitation. However, since the communes are officially registered as farming enterprises, a loophole is provided through the state laws which exempt farms from the sanitary code.



by Jon Stewart
reprinted from *Organ*

I arrived in Taos, New Mexico, after three and a half days of road, sand, sun, and schizophrenia. The Southwest, that last fading frontier, offers a blend of the America Mind that is, to say, the kindest, most neutral thing about it, unique. You might also say that it's insane, distorted and revolting; or that it's beautiful, fascinating and alluring; or that it's thoroughly, undeniably, unashamedly American. Whatever you decide to say about it will be at least partially accurate.

For instance, take the teamster who trucked me across Arizona. We didn't talk much, but he fed me, bought me a pack of cigarettes and drove me some 400 miles. Then, just as I was about to declare my restoration of faith in the great, straight bald eagle of America, he offered me \$10 to procure him "one of them hippie girls" for the night, once we reached New Mexico. I declined. He told me to fuck off. I did.

I arrived in Taos not knowing quite what to expect. Juxtaposed against rumors of repression and violence directed against longhairs were stories of simple sylvan communes, where ex-speed freaks were mellowed back by the demanding land, where back-to-nature idealism triumphed over cursed capitalism. Not surprisingly, I found that both were true. The communes did exist, many of them, of many different sorts. And their presence had drawn to Taos a great number of longhairs, also of many different sorts. As a result, tension in Taos County has been escalating rapidly, and both official and unofficial harassment and repression are rampant.

April 3, near Penasco, a VW van belonging to a small hippie "family" is dynamited during the night. A week later, the home of the same family is invaded late at night by Chicanos; windows are broken, and a building on the property is burned to the ground.

April 8, at Arroyo Seca, four men, two of whom are respected businessmen in Taos, stumble out of a bar and brutally beat several longhairs on the street. Charges are finally pressed, despite considerable reluctance to do so on the part of the police and court officials; the four men are apprehended and fined \$5 each, plus court costs. The next night the Craft House, owned by Rachel Brown who pressed the charges against the four men, is shot up and windows are broken.

The same night, in Valdez, the home of a longhair is stoned by 10 or 11 men. When the resident comes out to defend his home, he is beaten; the resulting injuries require a doctor's care.

April 26, in Taos, a longhair photographer is accosted in the plaza in the middle of town by six Chicanos who ask him if he is a hippie. He replies, "No," but nonetheless beaten to the ground and kicked, receiving multiple fractures to the jaw. State and local police are decidedly uncooperative, and no arrests are made.

The same day, Steve Durkee, founder of the Lama Foundation commune, is attacked while sitting in his truck at the A&W in Taos. The windows are smashed and Steve has his nose broken in two places. Steve assessed the situation: "It is not the people who hit us who are to blame but everything which has produced this terrible situation. All one can do is pray. Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A longhair is busted for hitchhiking through the town of Taos. He's searched, and police discover a "concealed weapon" for which he receives a jail sentence. The weapon: a two-inch penknife.

An occupied bus parked in front of Taos' General Store is laced by a ribbon of bullets fired by Pete Sahd, a local resident. Sahd is apprehended and charged with "negligent use of firearms." He is fined by local Judge Guintana: \$25.

Everywhere in Taos County cars are burned, windows smashed, houses burned, and late-night phone calls threaten arson and murder. So far, no one has been murdered. But the people are waiting. About 25 per cent of the

communalists have left the area since this spring—mostly those with children.

And the action is just beginning, folks. The foregoing selected excerpts from the program of events represent only the smoke from the volcano. Taos seethes with bigotry and prejudice—you can feel it in the air. Taos County is an in-depth study in radical change and opposition to that change; of the clash of radically different cultures trying to co-exist; of poverty, and of ignorance.

The stable population of Taos County is about 75 per cent Spanish-American, or Chicano. Several thousand Taos Indians also reside in the county, where their ancestral roots reach back over 2000 years. Longhairs, living mostly in communes, number only 500-600—a negligible percentage of the population, especially since few of them are registered voters. However, for a variety of reasons, they've made an impact on the county that far exceeds their numerical proportion.

The "three cultures of Taos" are about as different as any three cultures can be. The hippies may emulate the life-style of the Indians, but they will remain hippies, not Indians. That's OK, because they manage to get along incredibly well as it is. Even the Indians and the Chicanos, though no love is lost between them, manage to co-exist fairly peaceably. The major friction in Taos is between the Chicanos and the hippies, with the local rednecks siding with the Chicanos. (Lest these generalities be too easily accepted, I must emphasize that many exceptions exist, as the communalists eagerly point out. Numerous instances of goodwill have transpired between the communes and the neighboring Chicano farmers.)

Many factors conspire to cause the hostility between the longhairs and the Chicanos—including poverty, the schools' middle-class standards, and the Chicanos' own confused cultural identity. Roughly 25 per cent of the Chicanos in Taos are unemployed. Consequently, many are dependent on welfare and food stamps for survival. Their poverty is generations old—stretching back even to the Mexican rule—and for many of them dependency on the government for survival is simply a bitter fact of life.

Combined with the Chicanos' lowly economic status in an education—or rather, an indoctrination—which teaches them to value and respect, to honor and emulate, the American Middle-Class Way of Life, where success and happiness is measured in terms of greenbacks, two-car garages, college educations, and barbecue pits in manicured back lawns. Teach them, as the Taos Public School System reportedly does, that hippies are disease-ridden, sex-crazed, dope fiend, communist conspirators who are out to rip off the Great White American Way. The result—frustrating to say the least—is that the Chicanos in Taos (whose children comprise 87 per cent of the county's students) are taught to value a life-style which they haven't a beggar's chance of attaining.

The issue of the Chicano's cultural identity is crucial to his economic and social development. In Taos, one is warned to avoid any suggestion that the Chicanos are of Mexican descent. Presumably, they prefer to trace their ancestry directly to the invading Spanish, ignoring their Indian and Mexican descent. This gap in their cultural past leaves them in a condition which might be described as "cultureless." Yet the Chicanos do constitute a visible ethnic group and are subject to every form of economic and social oppression that America has to offer its minority peoples. To overcome those oppressions, they need the strength of cultural pride—but without a cohesive and recognized cultural heritage, how does one begin to muster ethnic pride? Beginnings along these lines are evident elsewhere in the country, especially in California, but the winds of change are not yet blowing through the dry air of Taos County.

Now enter the hippies. They come, many of them, with enough money to buy or lease land for farming. They come with college educations. They come with city educations—even more important. They came, too, with the technical know-how of middle-class

America, from which they sprung. They knew how to make a buck, how to hustle, how to operate a business, even how to farm. And though they may not have a cultural past, they're rapidly developing a cultural form in which they find strength and security.

But worst of all, from the Chicano's point of view, they've squatted over middle-class values, emptied their bowels, and wiped their asses with the dollar. They've been through the purgatory of the middle-class, they've walked the great golden highway to the stars, and they've rejected it. They've elected to live outside the "laws" of America, those iconographic boundaries of society, and to create their own society, with their own rules.

Now how is the Chicano expected to cope with such "outlaws?" Lacking the hippies' perspective on the middle-class scene—he's never been there, though he's spent a lifetime aspiring to it—the Chicano can neither understand nor tolerate the chosen life-style of the hippies. To him, it is a direct insult to his efforts to survive in America by becoming part of America.

So the friction between the Chicanos and the hippies in Taos is caused largely by the disparity between their ideals, beliefs, life-styles—their gods. Still, while this situation understandably engenders resentment, it needn't have come to violence. The impetus for violent action, for active repression, comes from quite another quarter: the small middle class of Taos—the merchants, businessmen and town and county officials.

The establishment has a very genuine stake in the disruptive atmosphere in Taos. The hippies provide just the scapegoat that the capitalist formula of oppression depends on. The formula is simple: if you keep enough smoke in the air, the people will never know who's stabbing them in the back. The commune hippies are perfect scapegoats; they're visible, concentrated, and they're "different." Tag them with a subhuman name (pinko, sex-freak, drug-freak) and let it be known that it's open season on them. Thus the establishment can continue to rip off the land and the people while senseless war rages. Take, for instance, the case of Taos real estate agent, banker and Town Council member Jim Brandenburg. From reliable reports, Brandenburg is in the forefront of the repressive movement, actively stirring up hatred for the hippies among local Anglos and Chicanos. Yet, inside of one year Brandenburg sold well over a half-million dollars' worth of Taos land to longhairs.

The manager of the Taos Chamber of Commerce, Colonel Fay, recently sent a series of letters to the local conservative weekly newspaper decrying the hippies as harmful to the community and suggesting that they should be discouraged from staying in the county. Fay's bad-mouthing eventually led to a full-page ad in the Taos News a petition signed by 425 citizens which called for an "increase in police protection" and "stiffer penalties to be enforced against offenders." In addition, it called upon the Chamber of Commerce to assist the town and county officials in establishing a climate of law and order, and refrain from making controversial... pronouncements on this involved issue.

Which brings us to the issue of law and order in Taos County. Police laxity toward local crimes against the longhairs is matched only by the severity of penalties dealt out to the hippies for the slightest infractions. Arrests for illegal fishing, hitchhiking, vagrancy, and carrying a concealed weapon (such as a penknife or can opener) are common. One incident involved a young girl who was picked up for hitchhiking. When she was unable to present identification, she was handed a 10-day sentence in a jail which has no provisions for female prisoners. The ostensible reason was to allow police time to determine if she were a runaway. After three days, some local citizens, concerned about the severity of the sentence, persuaded the judge to release her on the provision that she get out of town immediately. Police response to hippie complaints of violence is so poor that the Fountain of Light, the local hip paper, advises that their office be called for help.

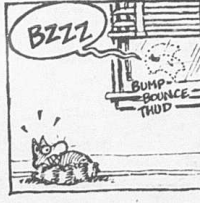
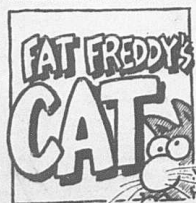
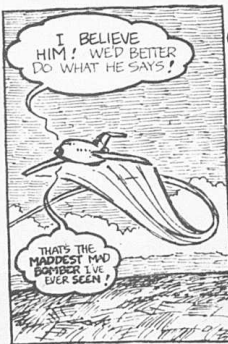
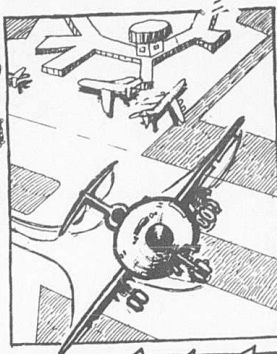
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There is surprisingly lit organization among the long themselves. The communes, each which has a different philosophy style of organization, show little in forming any kind of coalition mutual protection. The only real in this direction has come from Lo Enterprises, which operates Fountain of Light newspaper, the Switchboard, La Clinica (free medical aid) the General Store, and offers legal aid to longhairs. Bill Quinn, head of Lorein, is keeping a file confirmed reports of repression throughout the county and is trying to register resident hippies to vote county and state elections. By keeping pressure on police and officials, he is trying to discourage increase in the hip population of

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

Gilbert Shelton





What do you think Spiro Agnew does for fun?



Good will tours.



What do you think Spiro Agnew does?
Who's Spiro Agnew?
Just as I thought.



He goes to the shoe store to get fittings for his dentures.



He's double jointed and he fucks himself with his feet.



Fucks his mother.



wouldn't like to say what he does for fun. I think that he picks his nose for fun.



I don't think he does anything for fun.



I can't answer that its personal. Are you really from HARRY? He plays with his Spiro Agnew.



Probably sticks his finger in his ear and thinks about things.



Hits people in the head with golf balls.



Contemplates Hitler's leftist leanings.



Sucks a rat's ass.



I don't set up straw men.



I think Spiro Agnew likes to play games such as cards especially probably pinoche. He probably likes that game a great deal. It's quite a tax on his imagination.

ALTERNATIVES

Although subscribing to HARRY for 2 years costs \$7.50 more than being drafted, you get your choice of

STAGE FRIGHT,
by the Band
or the new

Steve Miller Band Album.

Which is more choice than you'll ever get in the Army and neither album has to be painted or saluted!

Subscribe to HARRY for 2 years instead of getting drafted.

FREE WITH 2 YEARS OF SERVICE

EITHER

OR



If you're a woman,

you can subscribe to 2 years of HARRY instead of getting pregnant.

- ☐ EL CHEAPO -- 12 ISSUES FOR \$2.00 BUT NO RECORD
- ☐ SHITTY OLD REGULAR -- 26 ISSUES FOR \$4.00 BUT NO RECORD
- ☐ DA BIG MUTHA 52 BIG ONES FOR \$7.50

PLUS!

☐ STAGE FRIGHT
or

☐ STEVE MILLER NUMBER FIVE
SEND YOUR BREAD TO:

harry
233 E. 25th ST.
BALTIMORE, MD. 21218

NAME

(Please print clearly)

STREET & NO.

CITY

STATE

Required
Zip

EAT YOUR LUNCH

The People's Lunch Program at UMBC is an attempt to provide an alternative to the Pigamerikan fare offered in the campus cafeteria and from the vending machine concession. The People set up a table outside the cafeteria and provided food and coffee, paid for with money collected in contributions. Last week Baltimore County health officials served notice to the People that their Lunch Program must "cease and desist."

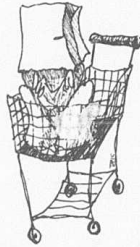
In the beginning, there were well-nourished students, fresh out of Ocean City, short on money but high on idealism. As the school year proceeded, students found that they could no longer afford the 15 cent coffee and 45 cent tuna fish sandwiches. As the school year proceeded, students found that even if they could afford these things, they tasted so awful that it was sometimes better to go hungry.

And so they sat around, growing skinnier by the day, getting anemia, mononucleosis or pimples, depending on what they were or were not eating. Then, suddenly, in a rare moment of creative insight, amidst the grumbings of the starving masses, Steve spoke. And he said unto them:

"Why not prepare the food ourselves? We could do it cooperatively and that way be able to eat good food at lower prices!"

And so it began, small at first, but building in numbers until the program began to pose a threat to the military-industrial complex,

which is why it is being shut down. Who supports the program? Practically everybody: radicals, jocks, librarians, construction workers, Macke ladies, Abbie Hoffman, Black Panthers, Student Government people, bookworms, earthworms, petty bourgeois, teeny boppers, Joshua the dog, Arnie Portecarero, computer operators, Zen Buddhists, HARRY, commuters, dorm people, Palestinians, Viet Cong, people with long hair and people without long hair.



Because they all agree on one basic idea: Why should people make money off the fact that people need to eat, when they can provide for their own needs without exploiting one another? And if they can do it in this area, why not do it in other areas? All Power to the People's Lunch Program means All Power to the People! YIPPIE!

The People plan to conduct an inspection of the Macke and Ogden facilities, demand that the People's

program be given use of the University's kitchen and that prices of the Macke food be lowered, and force University officials to eat Mackeburgers. If these plans are frustrated, the People will take action based on the knowledge that vending machines jam easily, that liberated cokes taste better than 15 cent cokes, that nobody likes being pelted with 200 Mackeburgers, that it might be nice to have a party in the kitchen—and never leave, and that they can take similar action

around other issues that affect their lives.

When people are hungry, it is because their rulers eat too much tax grain. Therefore the unruliness of hungry people is due to the interference of their rulers. That is why they are unruly. The people are not afraid of death, because they are anxious to make a living.

—Lao Tsu

The University serves the state, not the students.

—Homer Schamp(UMBC official)



pennyback

.... covers you with love

Reisterstown Road Plaza



Stereo
AND

224 W. Balto. St. SA7-2077
SYSTEMS SOLD AND FIXED

(L.A. Free Press/UPS)

This week's rip off centers around one of the nuclei of the American society—the telephone company. The telephone company's benevolent wiretappers that they are, have provided the underground rip-off artists with unlimited free telephone service. The service is, as are most rip-offs, illegal and necessarily must be stopped. But, like any psychotic reaction, it must be understood.

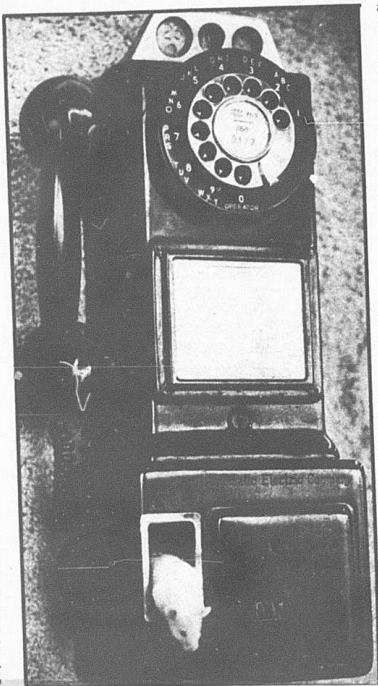
The various telephone companies, Bell, General, and the other obscure dime suckers, have preferred clients. Quite naturally, these preferred customers are not you or I, but are large companies and corporations.

These preferred clients often call upon and have to call upon people from locations other than their offices. Rather than go through the hassles of charging calls to their offices, the telephone company has come up with an ingenious idea, known as a telephone credit card. Three magic words! Of course, credit card numbers are kept secret and can be known only to the holder of the card.

Not so, say the rip off artists. In order to procure a telephone credit card, you need only phone your telephone business office and ask for one. If you've paid your bills fairly regularly, you will receive the card in about three weeks. The card is keyed to your telephone, and all calls made on that card number are billed to your phone. The card simply says, "Immediately say to the operator, 'My credit card number is X-XXX-XXXX-XXX' then place your call." The rip off artist soon realizes that he can place calls that will be charged to other numbers by simply varying the card code.

Ramparts magazine reported several months ago that this year's code

OFF THE HOOK



begins with the letter S, followed by any phone number, followed by the three number code which clues the phone company as to the city to which the card is billed. Such a number in Los Angeles, California, would be S-626-XXXX-184. This number read to an operator with digits filled in for the X's will then give you free phoning power to anywhere, in the area code world. If the number you choose for the exchange happens to fall outside of downtown Los Angeles then the last three digits change. If you ask around, you can find out the digits for your home town. Every town in the United States from Pasadena to Peoria has its own number.

There are some hassles with this plan, as the rip off artists have found out. The people that get billed for the calls get pissed; the people that place the calls get busted; and the telephone company suffers horrendous losses. The first of these is easily remedied by only charging calls to large corporations, as they probably have time to hassle anyway. The *Ramparts* article said that in one month the San Francisco branch of the Bank of America had over 10,000 phony credit card calls charged to it! The second is to always place the calls from telephone booths, preferably to another telephone booth, and never use the same credit card number twice (except for consecutive calls from the same booth). Unfortunately,

losses to the telephone company seem to be built into the credit card system.

The most clever scheme that I'd heard of was for a straight, collect, person to person call to be made to a phony entity at a home phone from a telephone booth. Rather than accept the call, the other party states that the phony entity will call the party back. He then gets the number of the phone booth that his accomplice is in and goes out and phones him from a phone booth on a phony credit card. This system is foolproof—except if the red lights start blinking while you're on the phone. The phone company will occasionally put through obviously phony credit card calls and have the pigs bust the occupant of the phone booth; so the rip off artist either makes his calls wearing sneakers or denies any knowledge of having made the call when the pigs arrive. "Someone just handed me the phone and ran that way..."

If the credit card calls are made to private residences, the phone company will eventually call to see if anyone at the number called knows who placed the illegal call. If the people that are called are cool enough to answer that they don't know anyone in Peoria (for example) or if they say that the call was made by Harry Krishna, then everything remains cool and the phone company goes off looking for Harry... again. These people might still get billed for the call, but it is essential that they don't pay. If the people rat on the rip off artist then it's all over for him. The phone company will track him down relentlessly, and phone booths will lock behind him and busy signals will haunt him all the days of his life and he will dwell in the house of recorded messages forever.

INSIDE HIGH SOCIETY WITH P. J. O'ROURKE

Frank Sinatra was saying, "you'd think that to any intelligent observer politics must seem like a put-up job." I told him the kids in America thought it was a plot on our side. He laughed about "our side." So did Kosygin, who was with us at the discreet Paris cocktail party which Jean Paul Belmondo was throwing in honor of Kim Il Sung/S. I. Hayakawa. They are the same man. Doubling up like that is a necessary aspect of running the world. There aren't enough wealthy, powerful, famous people to go around. Liz and Dick and Jackie and Ari are all the same person, and Lyndon Johnson had to double as Charles DeGaulle (with the aid of a plastic nose). Now that Lyndon's dead, organized wealth, fame and power has, as a stand-in for the "retired" LBJ, Norman Mailer. Recently a crisis of worse magnitude arose when King Hussein had to dress up to play Golda Mier, who'd always been Nasser in drag. Gamel Abdul Nasser, who'd also headed up The Jimi Hendrix Experience, was found dead in black face in a London hotel room of an overdose of narcotics. Mao remarked on this loss in passing as he discussed recipes for squab-on-toast with Huey Newton and Henry Miller in another corner of the room. Mao is an accomplished cook. I remembered him very well, when in the spring of 1967 we were having a cook-out at John Glenn's house and Mao was discussing the projected war between Israel and the Arabs with Frank Zappa as they made the barbecue



sauce. Zappa said it was a shame and Mao laughed urbanely. "The little bastards love it," he said. "They wouldn't know what to do with themselves if they didn't hate somebody's guts. They're so fragile. They'd be broken-hearted if they didn't have a 'cause.' You say to them, 'Why don't you relax? Drop out or some damn thing?' And they say, 'Life wouldn't be worth living without something to die for!' Well, if they want something to die for—it can be arranged." Zappa laughed so hard he spilled tomato paste all over the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and said, "Who should know better than me? We had to invent hippies and pacifists because they couldn't not-fight without hating war. You

notice how, no matter what alternatives you give them, they set themselves up the same way—all over again." Mao became serious for a moment, "We've known it for a long time," he said.

For Elliot Gould, Paris was his first party. Bebe Rebozo is really the only person with enough patience and irony to put up with him. "Why are there so few women leaders?" Elliot would ask. Bebe tells him that we only arrange to give people what they want. "In the middle ages we arranged plagues. In the fifties we arranged Rock and Roll and the threat of atomic holocaust. Now we've arranged revolution. In the same way, we arrange male leadership. Of course there are as many women as

men. You'd be surprised, Elliot, at who's a woman. Johnny Unitas is a woman. Vladimir Nabakov is a woman. Teddy Kennedy is a woman. On the other hand, it works both ways. Mick Jagger, for instance, is actually a man." "What would they do without us?" Elliot asks. "Just what they do now," Bebe replied, "maybe they wouldn't know when to stop. But mostly they'd do exactly what they do now." "What are we here for then? What are we here for?" "We know," Pope Paul interrupted, "what the sound of two hands clapping is. But what is the sound of one hand clapping?"

Mark Rudd and Mayor Daley are lovers and they sit on the couch with Coco Chanel, talking to George Harrison who is Peter Max. They all agree: When men understand, everything will be alright. Until then they get what they want. "Answered prayers," says Coco, "St. Theresa said, 'There have been more tears shed over answered prayers than over any others.'" "You can't tell them. They won't believe you. We've," says Harrison, "as a sort of joke, come right out and told them. But that's all part of it too. It doesn't make me mad or anything." Then he got bored and quit talking about it. Nobody talks about it much. Only the newest people bother to remark. Though it's the business of most all of us to appear in some way "socially committed." Even when I have to be Prince Charles I'm forced to be an occasional comment—some dull remark on all the nasty squabbling. I find it comforting to remember that Winston Churchill was W. C. Fields.

Now that I've dropped out / Why is life dreary dreary?

Answer my weary query / Timothy Leary dearie.

The following two letters were distributed to all major media offices on the west coast. Our reprint of text and signatures is from the Berkeley Tribe. Leary's chief lawyer, Michael Kennedy, believes the documents to be authentic. He is quoted by John Lombardi in Rolling Stone as saying, "There is no question in my mind that this is Timothy Leary's signature." However, he is also quoted as saying, "He [Leary] has not been in touch."

Kennedy (veteran of the Chicago Conspiracy trial and now working on the defence of the Los Siete de la Raza Chicanos) believes "...the government has a serious revolutionary to deal with now..." He said, "Some of us think he went through the wall."

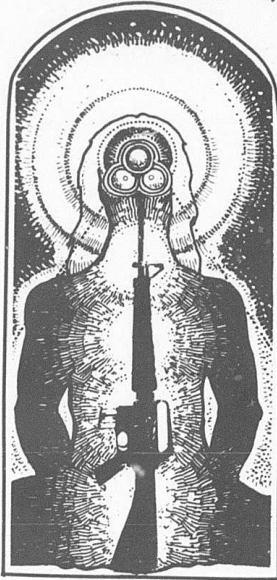
September 15, 1970

This is the fourth communication from the Weatherman Underground. The Weatherman Underground has had the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo, California.

Dr. Leary was being held against his will and against the will of millions of kids in this country. He was a political prisoner, captured for the work he did in helping all of us begin the task of creating a new culture on the barren wasteland that has been imposed on this country by Democrats, Republicans, Capitalists and creeps.

LSD and grass, like the herbs and cactus and mushrooms of the American Indians and countless civilizations that have existed on this planet, will help us make a future world where it will be possible to live in peace.

Now we are at war. With the NLF and the North Vietnamese, with the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and Al Fatah, with Rap Brown and Angela Davis, with all black and brown revolutionaries, the Soledad brothers and all prisoners of war in American concentration camps we know that peace is only possible with the destruction of U.S. imperialism.



Our organization commits itself to the task of freeing these prisoners of war.

Bernardine Dohrn

Bernardine Dohrn

The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the WEATHERMAN UNDERGROUND who designed and executed my liberation.

Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.

There is the time for peace and the time for war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grim Shiva. Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare, Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic warfare. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic stratagem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law and order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims-defendants of genocidal war you will not understand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic Impulse is soulless, heartless, humorless, lifeless, loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life:

1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods.

2) Resist passively, break lock-step ... drop out.

3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer ... hijack planes ... trash every lethal machine in the land.

4) Resist publicly, announce life ... denounce death.

5) Resist privately, guerrilla invisibility.

6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.

7) Resist biologically, be healthy ... erotic ... conspire with seed ... breed.

8) Resist spiritually, stay high ... praise God ... love life ... blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid ... dose them ... dose them ... dose them.

9) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force ... Arm yourselves and shoot to live ... Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien ... Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If Davie Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war. Right on Leila Khaled!

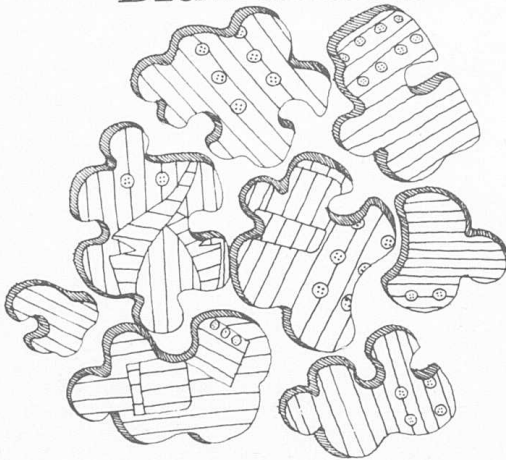
Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

Timothy Leary

Timothy Leary

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

BRANDAU'S



It's time for the big decision.

Selecting a sport jacket is so much more complicated than it used to be, isn't it? First, you have to decide on single or double-breasted. Then there's the matter of buttons. From one. To eight or more. And what about fabric? Color? Flare? We think you'll find the perfect one here. And we'd be glad to help you with the big decision.

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EXCLUSIVE: HOW WE DISRUPTED THE ELECTIONS

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

Now the story can be told. You won't read this anywhere else. At this time HARRY is happy to break the news that the recent election irregularities can be credited to us, the YIPPIES! at HARRY.

The seven people who engineered the election mess have now scattered, some to the midwest to join the White Panthers, some to California to help out the Weatherman underground, one flew out of Kennedy on a flight to Luxembourg to join Mark Rudd. In fact there are only two of the seven left in Baltimore, including the person who came to us at first with the idea of scrambling a Baltimore election, and who has worked day and night for the past year and a half to pull it off.

Although we cannot at this time reveal who the second person is (at least

not until after the general election—his position is too important for us to say just now) we are proud to announce that the woman who ran the whole show was none other than our YIPPIE! sister Betty M. Silbert, who last week resigned as President of the Board of Supervisors of Elections. That's right, Betty has been working with us since March of 1969.

In discussing the action, Betty said, "I had been appointed in 1962 to succeed my husband, who had died. I really got into it. I mean I really took the job seriously until the Presidential Election of 1968. I guess the Democratic convention and Daley's pigs vamping on the brothers and sisters put me through changes. And then, that election—it was like a choice between a fertilizer plant and a cesspool. Wow! Well, it was then that I started to think about fouling up an election.

"I was pretty chicken at the time, though. It wasn't until I met P.J. O'Rourke in a bar in Toledo around the first of the year in '69 that I got any guts.

"I had been smoking dope for about six months, but I had never done any acid or mess or anything like that. So I'm in this bar in Toledo and P.J. and I hit it off right away. He took me back to his apartment, and after we got really zonked he asked me if I wanted to do some acid. I told him that I wanted to, but that I was afraid of flipping out. He told me, 'Listen, I've got 150 hours of solo flying time, man, and I know what I'm doing.'

"I don't know why I trusted him, but I did. He gave me half a tab of sunshine and put on the Grateful Dead, The Incredible String Band, and Firesign Theatre—and he dropped the other half himself.

"Well, to say that it blew my mind is putting it mildly. The next morning he gave me a copy of *Revolution for the Hell of It* and sent me on my way.

"Wow, I got back to Baltimore and found that I couldn't relate to my job any more at all.

"It was just a coincidence that Mike Carliner, my son by my first marriage, was about to come back to Baltimore from Philly and start an underground newspaper. That gave me the base from which to work.

"I'll never forget the first meeting of all of us back in March of '69. Me and Mike, Dennis Livingston, Carmen Arbona, George Schnabel, Little Willie, and John Clark, and—who was the other guy—oh yes, Eddie Fenton from WCBM. We all agreed in principle, but we couldn't get together on tactics. That's always a hang-up.

"Well, we had to purge some of the brothers for their excessive sexism, and some of the others dropped out because they thought we were not relating to the third world struggle enough, and we added some others along the way. But we did it. We sure did it.

"Some of the sisters have been asking why I've resigned. Well, I have to move to the streets now. That's where the struggle is. I never thought I'd say that, but after talking to Angela Davis when she was staying with us at HARRY last week, I guess I just had my head turned around.

You know, I'd rather not say how we did what we did, because we did such a good job that we're going to take it to other cities. But as Fenton said, 'Mayor Daley and all of Cook County would

have been proud of us.'

"It was really a good job you and P.J. did, Tom, writing those articles on Clarke and Dalton and visiting all those political rallies and acting crazy so that they wouldn't take us seriously. They never suspected it was coming at all. What was really funny was that half the investigators thought it was the Pollack-Gallagher-Mother Jones-Hoffberger-D'Allesandro-Power Street-DiPietro coalition, and the other half thought it was Dale Anderson. Wow! Dale had a hand in the early planning, but he didn't have the guts to carry it off."

The commission appointed to investigate the election found the following:

- (1) Late opening polls.
- (2) Voting machine breakdowns.
- (3) Last minute changes of polling places.
- (4) Misdelivery and improper placement of voting machines.
- (5) The apparent lack of understanding by election officials of the proper operation of voting machines.
- (6) Harassment of certain poll watchers by judges.

What they have not reported, however, are the following:

- (1) Placing the names of Jerry Rubin, Kim Il Sung, and Iggy Stooze in place of Tydings, Mandel, and Goldstein in precincts 27 to 49 in the 17th ward and 15 to 93 in the 25th ward.
- (2) Electric Kool-aid in the pitchers of the judges' desks at polling places in the western part of the 5th district.
- (3) Fixing the machines in the 2nd district so that the State Senate votes would all go to Frank McCourt. (In return for 1½ pounds of Frank's famous Nepalese hashish).
- (4) Making sure that all the most repressive candidates (or the most stupid) were elected—Reuben Caplan, George Mahoney, Catherine Duffy.

Since the election, many of the things accomplished by the Election Central Seven—as we like to call them—have been reversed. Betty commented, "Why do you think it took so long for the returns to come in? They were at the 5th Regiment Armory making up their own returns because the ones off the voting machines were unusable."

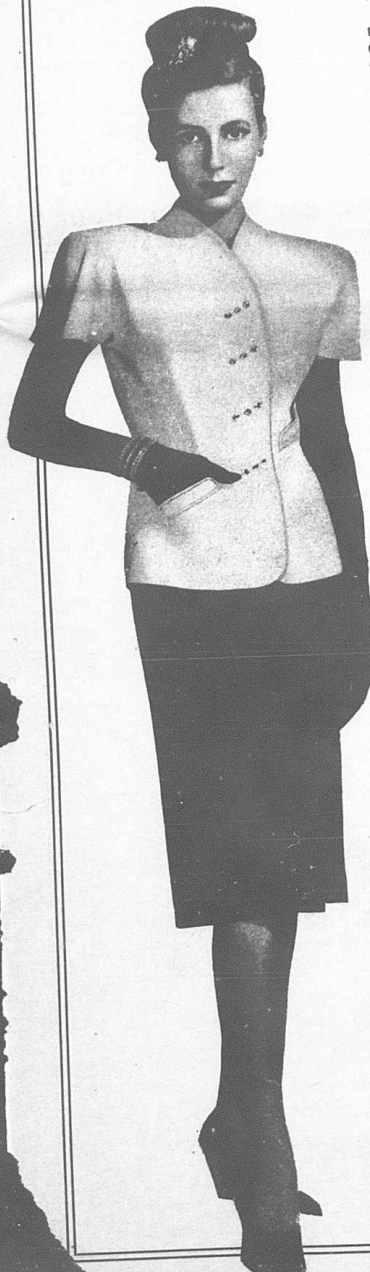
Meanwhile, Governor Mandel chose as Betty's replacement former Airport Board chairman Charles F. Crane, 82, who, as you may know, has been dead for five years.

Far out Betty! It was a masterful piece of work. Venceremos, wherever you go.



Left: Betty upon her appointment to Board of Supervisors of Elections, 1962.

Above: Betty upon her appointment as Lieutenant in charge of the Venceremos Brigade, 1970.



Serving the Baltimore underground community since 1969



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LETTERS

Dear HARRY

I started this letter as a rebuttal to Dr. Steppenwolf's article on Vietnam veterans but as I finished circling its inaccuracies and started organizing my notes my tone started changing because so much of the article is true. It's just too bad there is so much gross exaggeration.

Yes, Dr. Steppenwolf, I do have assaultive tendencies but so far I've managed to take them out on cardboard boxes and with black humor.

Let me explain my, and, I'm sure, many other ex-infantry men's attitude towards the peace movement. I respect sincere people but I have no respect for cowards i.e. people who object to the Vietnam war as an immoral one (implying that there is such a thing as a moral war). They are just potential killers who need a little more motivation than that our government affords us—like the sight of a policeman doing his job or a strong personality like Hitler. Sure, everyone has some coward in him and no one wants to die. But, for example, when I listen to a guy telling me how he is going to beat the draft and this is very clear—a flashback—six of my friends carrying down a mountain trail a stretcher with the body of one of my good friends and I see my dead friends drained white face—then I see this asshole in front of me very cool. You know so many good beautiful people die in Vietnam. They died because they (most of them) felt they were doing the right thing. So you are saying to yourself—"Fuck him! Most of the guys over there are against the war." Well its about time you opened up your middle, upper middle class eyes my sloganer, teeny-bopper, dope oriented friends. Drive down North Avenue and Eastern Avenue then drive to Hampstead and Hagerstown. When you come back try to remember all the negroes, the beer drinking East Baltimore kids and the country rednecks. They are the men dying in Vietnam. While you cater to the intellectual minority the average majority is going to Vietnam believing it is doing the most sensible thing. The lower and lower middle

class kids decision is not one arrived at after political, moral or spiritual debate. He is going because he believes it is his duty to go to Vietnam. And Dr. Steppenwolf says that we, the veterans, are emotionally numbed. We're not. I'm fucking pissed off and hateful and I think you are (if you're not too stoned) beginning to see why. Take your anti-war Selective Service and shove it because to me, and, I'm sure, others; you, the bogus peace people, are the pigs, not the police.

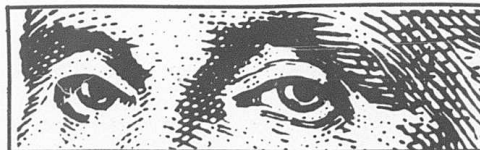
William Wolf

(Dr. Steppenwolf—a former army major—replies: My article contains no gross exaggerations. There are one or two important facts you don't understand. You must try to realize that a man who refuses the draft has a great deal of courage to risk jail and being an outcast from family and friends. He and I are not saying, "fuck your dead friend." A part of us and a part of the soul of this country died with him. Your dead friend was a good, beautiful person. That's why we weep over his death. That's why the war should be stopped; to prevent more like him—both from East Baltimore and East Hanoi from this senseless slaughter. The average majority is against the war, especially when they return. We lament their going to the slaughter. If they all refused, there could be no war. Thus, they should morally, spiritually and politically debate their decision. They are my brothers, too, and so are the Vietnamese. I have taken the ride you suggest many times, and my belief is firmer after each time. I have seen the things described in my article so often that each new time makes me more against the war. It's victims are my brothers. Even you, Mr. Wolf, are my brother. I am Steppen and you are William; or is it the other way around?)



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**SEE PAGE 8 FOR
 BIG SURPRISE**

SMASH SCHMIDT

by Gordon Leach

A rally at noon, on Saturday, September 26, ended with two or three puddles of blood and twelve people in jail.

The demonstration was organized by the Mother Jones collective and drew about 35 demonstrators and about 50 bystanders.

The rally was in support of the workers at Schmidt's Bakery on North Carey Street in West Baltimore, who have been on strike now for about eleven weeks in an attempt to gain recognition for their union. The workers have had no success, due to scab labor and two other bakeries helping the Schmidt's establishment.

The trouble began when demonstrators moved into the street in front of the delivery entrance. The picketing demonstrators circled in an orderly fashion and played the timpani part of a Viennese waltz on the sides of a truck making its entrance.

About a block away some unknown people threw red paint on the front of a Schmidt's truck. Immediately the five policemen who were present called for reinforcements. Nobody can throw paint on a Schmidt's truck, least of all red paint.

Soon there were about 2½ cops for each demonstrator. Some of the ½ cops started picking people out of the crowd to be arrested. At least two of these people tried to get away and were beaten to the ground.

The local people and striking workers stood by in shock "Look at

those pigs." Then the police decided to clear the entire area. They announced that everybody not leaving would be arrested. At the same time that the brass was making

these announcements, some of the flunky patrolmen were telling people that they had to stay on the curb, and thus could not leave. Some of these people were arrested as a result

of the confusion. At least even demonstrators. HARRY reporter Elizabeth Kahn, a reporter for the Johns Hopkins Newsletter and a bystander were included.



Photo by Gordon Leitch

TOMORROW'S BACON



This man identified himself as a HARRY photographer at the Schmidt's Bakery Demonstration. He is, in fact, a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER. He was even wearing a Police Academy ring.

He drives a 1970 red Baracuda with a black vinyl roof. His license number is HT 1150. If you happen to run across him or his car, or both, be sure to give him our love—our revolutionary love.

HARRY SUES POMERLEAU

Sometime this week, HARRY plans to file suit against the Baltimore Police Department, asking that our reporters and photographers be issued press credentials. We have been trying to get these passes since November 1969. It was July before we could even get an application.

The main reason why we want these passes is so that our reporters and photographers don't keep getting arrested at demonstrations. The arrest of heroic reporter Elizabeth Kahn at the Schmidt's bakery demonstration was the third such case. In addition, our reporters have faced such hindrances as not being permitted to take notes in a courtroom during a trial.

The Police Department claims that we are not really a newspaper. They justify this under an irrelevant state law which says that newspapers are publications which come out at least weekly. The city ordinance under which passes are issued covers not just newspapers, but other media and "news gathering agencies." Nevertheless, we intent to force the

department to release the names of all those to whom press passes have been issued. In so doing we not only should win the case and get the passes, but will demonstrate that Commissioner Pomerleau ha (in case there was any doubt) acted in a dishonest and discriminatory manner, and that the department's refusal to issue the passes was not merely a result of reasonable differences in the interpretation of the law. We know, for example, that a press pass was issued to Evan Wilson as a reporter for the monthly MUND Newsletter. We also understand that certain clergymen have been issued passes as representatives of church publications which do not come out as often as we do, and which do not cover hard news.

We haven't reported all this before because we didn't think it was all that important or interesting, but since nearly every other news medium in town has carried the story, we thought we better let you know what it was really all about.

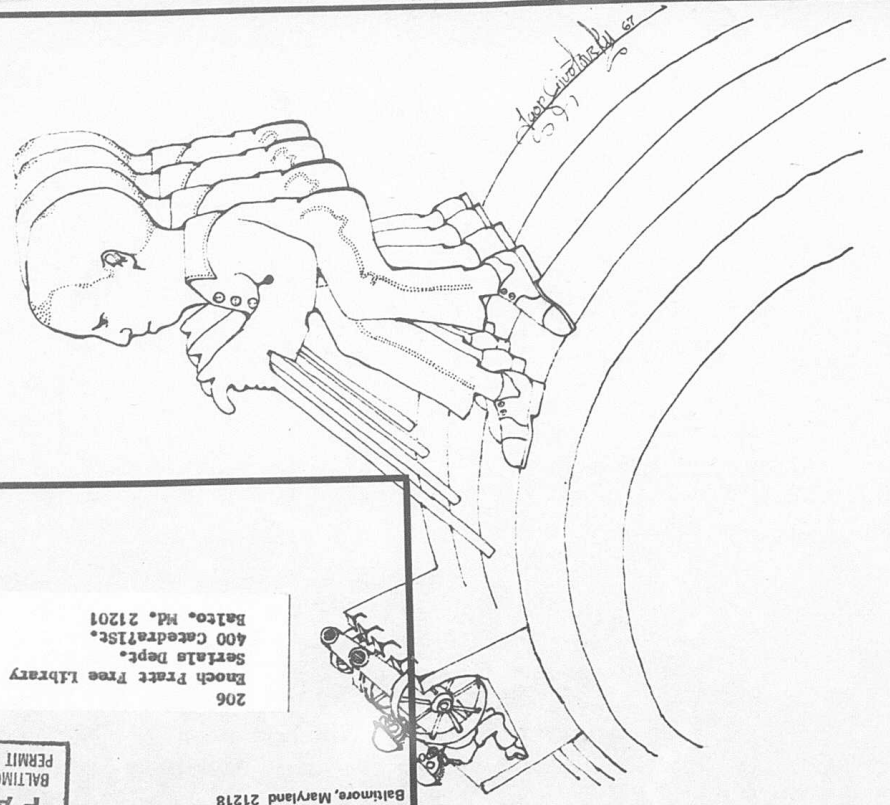
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